

# Mountain Sentinel.

VOLUME IX.

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"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE POINT THE WAY—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

## TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

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For all letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEE.

## HE WANTS A WIFE.

He wants a wife, and she must be  
A model of propriety;  
A brilliant pattern—wise, discreet,  
A center where all virtues meet;  
As warm of heart as pure in mind;  
Devoted tender, gentle, fair;  
Accomplishments and culture rare;  
Low-voiced, refined, with every grace—  
An angel half, in form and face;  
A sweet, harmonious, charming thing,  
At his command to weep or sing.  
He wants a wife!—we'll advertise it!—  
Conse it to wed—his friends advise it!

He wants a wife, with modest look,  
Whose heart is like a costly cloak,  
Which he is proud and glad to own—  
Which can be read by him alone;  
He wants her slender, tall, and tall,  
And fair as woman since the Fall;  
Her eyes—like stars that never lose their hue—  
Her lips—black—black—black as the blue;  
Her hair—black—black—black as the blue;  
Her hair—black—black—black as the blue;  
He wants her sensible and mild—  
In form a woman heart a child;  
He wants a wife—to love him blindly.  
A partner he can govern kindly.

He wants a wife for neatness noted—  
For taste unquestionably quoted;  
With wholesome pride a very little—  
Of self conceit no jot nor tittle;  
A harmless, guileless vanity  
He'll not object to, if it be  
A soft desire that she should praise her—  
Indeed, in his esteem 'twould raise her;  
He wants her to have youth and health;  
He wants her to have beauty, wealth;  
He wants a careful, prudent wife.  
To share the nameless ills of life—  
No will but his may ever answer—  
A downright "yes"—not "if I can sir!"

## An Important Measure.

J. A. FULTON, Esq., a member of our State Legislature from Armstrong county, from the Judiciary Committee, on the 29th of January, reported the following bill:

AN ACT to carry out in good faith the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and to encourage and promote friendly and fraternal feelings among the citizens of the republic.

In view of the great and multiplied blessings which have flowed to us under our Federal Constitution, and with a sincere and ardent desire to cherish and maintain it in its letter and spirit and in all its parts, and to recognize and cultivate those friendly and fraternal feelings and courtesies which should ever pervade and actuate the citizens of all our sister States, therefore,

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this act, it shall and may be lawful for any person being a citizen of any of the States of this Union, in which the institution of domestic slavery is recognized by law, and also being the owner of a slave or slaves, and being emigrating to another of the States of this Union in which the said institution of domestic slavery also exists, to pass with such slave or slaves through this State towards his ultimate destination; and such transit including all necessary and unavoidable detention and delays shall in no case entitle such slave or slaves to freedom. Provided, That the provisions of this section shall in no case be taken to apply to slave dealers, but only to bona fide owners and emigrants as aforesaid.

SECTION 2. That it shall be lawful for citizens of any of the other States of this Union, visiting in this State for business or pleasure, and remaining in the same for any period not exceeding six months, to bring and retain with them such domestics as they may deem suitable for their convenience and comfort, and such as they might lawfully hold to service in their own State.

SECTION 3. That so much of any law or laws as may be incompatible with the provision of this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

## The Old Folks at Home.

The St. Louis Intelligencer, speaking of the warm-heartedness of the Irish immigrants at the West, and their remittances to their families, kindred and friends at home, in small sums, says:

"They are the tokens of slow and honest toil—stamped with the sweat of the laborer's brow, and coined with the careful economy of many weary days. Drafts on England from £1 upwards—so the agent's notice reads. Only five dollars—to be sent three thousand miles! The first fruits, perhaps, of the harvest reaped in the land of promise. The cluster of grapes, like those plucked of old at Eschol, going back to assure the anxious, fainting hearts, still sojourning in the wilderness, that the spies sent out to see the new land, have found—not fruit for the mere plucking, but what is better—work to do, and good wages for it, and something to lay by. These slender drafts—how much of humble and genuine romance may not hang around some of them."

## A RACE FOR LIFE.

A Story of the Early Settlement of the State of New York.

Forty years ago my father's family settled in one of the counties of Central New York. All was a wilderness, wild, grand, beautiful. We located fifteen miles from the farthest pioneer. The woods were around us, the tall trees and the picturesque mountains.

We had opened a space in the forest and a cabin of that good old time afforded us shelter. It looked new and comfortable, and its chimney smoke curled gracefully up and vanished with the shadows of the forest. The blackened heaps smoked and crackled, and deep in those wild-wood solitudes the wilderness blossomed and smiled in the presence of yellow harvests. A happy home was there. The birds sang at earliest morn, and the deep river near the door murmured sweetly at nightfall. There were gentle whisperings in the old trees. As they bowed their heads in the wind, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temples where nature breathes fresh and pure from the hand of God. The wild flowers bloomed even by the very door sill, and the deer stopped in the forest to gaze upon the smoke of the chimney top.

'Twas a beautiful home in the wilderness! The spring brought us neighbors. 'Twas a great day when a settler came in and purchased land across the river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer hearts, and by the ready agency of pioneer hands, a comfortable log cabin peeped out from the dense woodland of the opposite bank. I watched the smoke from the open roof as the sun went down, and eagerly looked for it the next morning. But it was not the smoke that I cared so much about.

I only knew that it curled upward from the fissure where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke, and dreamed as I watched the river, until the moon threw down its beautiful pathway of shining silver, and listened for the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carry Mason. Before the mellow haze of Autumn had dropped its dreary hue on leaf and stream, I had learned to love her, and to tell her so in the still moon-light of that hidden home.

The leaves faded and the winter winds swept through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our cabin homes were bright and our hearts were alive with happiness and hope. When the spring opened and the birds returned, we were to be married.

A winter evening party in a new country.—Did you ever attend one reader? There are large hearted and open hearts to be found. Carry and I were invited to attend the party; a "jumper" had been built, and in this started. Ten miles were soon passed, and we found ourselves in as merry and happy a throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire crackled on the wide hearth, and old fashioned fun and frolic rang out until a late hour.

The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall; but we heeded it not, for we talked fast as the stout horses sped on the forest path.

Carry grasped my arm and whispered "hush!" The wind shrieked over the tops of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled closer to my side, and talked with less glee. In spite of all my efforts, a shadow would creep over my spirits.

The road wound among a dense growth of pines which shot upwards, and veiled even the sky from our path. The old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thickly. I touched the horse with the whip and he moved bravely through the woods. Again Carry grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I started as the horse gave a quick snort and struck into a gallop. "With a heart full of happiness, I had not yet dreamed of any danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There was a sound above the storm. I felt my cheek grow white and cold, and the blood rushed quickly back to my heart.

Clear, wild, terrible, it burst out in an unearthly howl like a wail from the world of fiends. I heard it. Its dismal, heart-chilling echoes had not died away on the storm, when it was answered from a score of throats.

Merciful God! a pack of wolves were around us. In those dark woods at night, and the storm howling overhead, a score of hungry throats were fiercely yelling at each other on the prospect of a feast.

For a moment my senses reeled. But I felt Carry leaning heavily on my shoulder, and I aroused.

But what hope was there? I had no weapon, and the maddest devils were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to push ahead.

This was a slim chance, and I grew sick as I thought of Carry. The quiet cabin and the happy heart at home flashed swiftly through my brain.

At that moment a dark shadow glided up by the side of our sleigh, and so wild and devilish a yell I have never heard since. My flesh crawled on my bones. A cold shiver ran to my heart and crept over my head as though the hairs were standing on end. Two orbs glared out like demon lights, and I could hear the panting of the eager beast.

Finally grasping the lines and shouting sharply to the horse we shot away.

The horse needed no urging. At the act, that infernal chorus again burst out in earnest, and their dark forms leaped in lengthened strides on either side of us. The speed was fearful, and yet the yelling devils kept pace. Turning to speak to Carry, I saw a dark form leap into the path, and as we sped ahead his teeth shut with a vice-like snap, missing Carry, and stripping her shawl from her shoulders. With a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm I saved her from being dragged out of her seat.

I became maddened—reckless. I shouted to the horse now reeking with foam. We went on at a fearful rate. The stumps and trees, and even places in the road, threatened every instant to wreck our sleigh.

Home was three miles distant. O, for a world to give for home!

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly almost on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here was a new danger. It was a difficult place, and there was not only danger of up-

setting, but of being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of land where logs had been drawn out. It was a mile nearer this way to a clearing than by the river. But I durst not attempt it with a sleigh.

On we sped. That infernal pack, neck and neck with us, and every now and then jaws shutting like steel-traps close to our persons. Once around that angle and I hoped.

How manly I shouted to the noble brute.—We neared the turn in that race for life.

Heavens! the infernal devils had crossed ahead, and hung in dark masses. A demon instinct seemed to possess them.

A few rods more. The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilish than ever.

With a sweep the horse turned in spite of me. The left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in the new snow. Away sped the horse and my heart sunk as I saw his quick foot-steps dying out towards home.

The maddened pack had followed the horse, and shot by us as we were thrown out upon the bank, for a number of rods. A shriek from Carry arrested them in their career; in an instant they were upon us. I gave one long, desperate shout, in the hope of arousing the folks in the cabins. I had no time to shout again.

Their hot breath burned upon me and their dark masses glided around like the shadows of doom. With a broken limb, I wildly kept them at bay for a moment, but fiercer and closer surged the gnashing teeth. Carry lay insensible on the ground before me. There was one more chance. A stunted pine grew upon the outer edge of the bank and shot out nearly horizontally over the river below, full 100 feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in the teeth with my cudgel, I yelled with the waning energy of despair, grasped Carry in one arm, and dashed recklessly up upon the pine. I thought not of the danger; I cared not. I braved one danger to escape a greater. I reached the branches. I breathed freer as I heard the fierce howl of the baffled party.

I turned my head, and God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along on the trunk of our last refuge. Carry was helpless, and it required all the strength of intense despair to hold her, and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf; he was within reach of my arm. I struck with my fist, and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap, as my hand brushed his head. With a demonic growl he fastened upon the shoulder of Carry. Oh! for help, for a weapon, for foothold on earth where I could have grappled with the monster.

I heard the long fangs crouch into the flesh, and the smothered breathing, as the wolf continued to make sure his hold! Oh, it was horrible! I beat him over the head, but he was only deigned a mauling growl. I yelled, wept, cursed, and prayed, but the hungry devil cared not for curses or prayers. His companions were still howling and whining, and venturing out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carry.—None can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last, the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a wrench, and nearly threw me from the pine. Carry was helpless and insensible. Even the crunching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the deathly swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by the wolf, and Carry's waist slipped from my aching grasp, she fell, but he held upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had released his hold, but as if aware of the danger beneath, retained his grip on the shoulder of Carry.

The end had come! My brain reeled! The long body of the wolf lunged downward like a dark shadow into the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrils, and lights danced and flashed across my eyeballs. The overtaxed muscles of the hand would relax and as instantly closed convulsively upon the clanking skirt. I heard a tearing sound, but I could not see. I was clinging as if of stitches. The black mass writhed and wrenched as if to deepen the hold. A sharp crackling, mingled with the humming noises at my head, and the dress parted at the waist! I shrieked as I heard the swooping sound of the fall of the black devil and his victim, as they shot down, down into the darkness. I heard something like the bay of the old house dog, and the firing of guns—and heard no more.

Weeks and months passed away, before the fearful delirium of that night left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, as helpless as a child. My wolf had passed away, and I was prematurely old. The raven black locks of twenty years had changed to the silvery ones of eighty years of age. Look at this arm that clung to Carry! It is withered. I have never raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and awake, covered with the cold clammy sweat that gathered upon me while on that pine.

The neighbor of the horse, as he dashed into the clearing, had answered the people at home. The empty and broken sleigh told a brief story. The howling of the wolves arose on the blast, and with guns and the old house dog, they rushed to the scene.

They found me senseless upon the trunk, covered with blood, and a wolf feeling his way towards me. In turning at the sound of their approach, he slipped and went down upon the ice. Our people looked long for Carry Mason, but did not find her till next morning. They then went down on the ice and found her corpse.—The wolves had not picked her crushed bones—I thank God for that.

The fall had partially broken the ice, and the oozing water had frozen and fastening her long black hair as it had floated out. The wolf had not released his death grasp, and his teeth were buried in her pure, white shoulder.

The spring sunshine and birds, and green leaves had come again, as I tottered out. My sister led me to a grave on the river's bank—the grave of all my youthful hopes, and all that I loved. The wild flowers were already starting on the sacred mound. I wept over them and blessed them, for they were blooming over the grave of Carry.

"Don't know, how are wages here?"

"What does your father get on Saturday nights?"

"Drunk."

## A MODERN PROPHET.

France and Her Rulers—A Story of Louis Napoleon.

The Dublin correspondent of the New York Courier furnishes the following curious piece of information, copied from the Belfast Chronicle, which, as he says, "tells its own story,—which reads like a romance,—a French one, perhaps."

There lives in Paris a gentleman, who, in December, 1847, wrote—"can see with perfect clearness that Louis Philippe, will not be three months on the throne of France." Louis Philippe was exiled in February, 1848. That gentleman wrote shortly after the Presidential election—

"This Bonaparte scion is a traitor. Not a man looks at him but feels the instinct of avoiding him as a treacherous man. He will strive for the Consulate—for the Dictatorship; and God knows what will follow." He struck.

The coup d'etat of December, 1851, tells how he struck. The same gentleman wrote in March of 1852:—"The tyrant aims at the empire." His gaze is fixed upon the crown. Before a year there will be a revival of the Bonaparte dynasty, and the French will kneel before Napoleon on the Third.

The man who predicted these events is no common man. He thinks and looks around him.—He participates in many movements quietly, and gathers knowledge which, in our view, no other man, at this moment, in or out of Paris, could find means to acquire. His previous predictions give us confidence in what he states.—

In fact we know him, and know that he would not detail as truth what he did not know to be true, for he is generally one of the best speculative individuals we have ever met.

Well, that gentleman—we would give his name if we were permitted—writes the subjoined on Thursday last, and all before whom it comes can measure its worth, and the amount of credence to be attached to it from what they have already learned. The revelation will seem curious to many; to us it is by no means so, as we are aware of the sources from which much of his information is derived, and how he derives it. That it is true we are convinced, and that the British government are "up" to the machinations of the French Emperor is evident from the revived state of our defenses, from the embodiment of our militia, from the addition to our maritime hands, and from the establishment of a Channel Fleet.

The following is the communication referred to:

In a secluded part of the wood of Boulogne, at a place called Madria, whither the residence of Lamartine, is a house surrounded by trees, and the windows of which are never opened, except sometimes at dawn, as if to let in fresh air.—

This house, all day, and on many nights, has the air of being uninhabited; but, oftentimes, at the windows of the French Emperor are visible the features of a man, who take up their posts in the thickets, and then about twelve or one up come several carriages, with the blinds closed down, the porte cochere is opened mysteriously, they drive in and the door closes behind them.

What is this place?  
It is the residence of Virginia, la Sabotiere.

This, for many persons—indeed, nearly all—is no explanation. But let us enter, one evening last week, and perhaps what may be going on may enlighten us.

In an apartment sumptuously furnished, is a grand supper laid out, resplendent with plate and brilliant with lights, and around sit half a dozen men and as many women, who, while sipping their champagne, are talking animatedly of conquest and empire, of aggressions and rapine.

"Yes," says one, striking his fist on the table—"man with heavy mustache, hooked nose and saturnine, bilious countenances—yes, when once I am crowned I will proclaim Jerome king of Holland, and not only proclaim him king, but make him king, while Belgium shall reign but as my vassal."

"Yes, sir," said all but one, whom we shall not mention.

"And then King of Rome and Italy, and Protector of the Helvetic Confederation shall be no empty titles—they shall be mine."

"But, sire, England?" observed one gently.

"England, my eternal nightmare! England, the assassin of my uncle! Every step I take I find her in my way. Let her take care, perfidious and meddling Albion. Let her beware that she interfere not, for, as surely as she interferes, will I land on her shores, and show them that their island is as easily made a French colony as was Algiers. They fancy themselves impregnable; they will find their mistake."

Thus spoke Louis Napoleon in the house of Virginia, la Sabotiere.

I must now explain who she is, and how he found himself there, premising that the informant I am giving you may cost me dear, though I hope no one will aid the rascally police of Bonaparte in tracing the author of the news here given. How I obtained it is a secret of life and death. But every word I write is true. Louis Napoleon may not carry out his after-supper boast, but the words were spoken by him.

When Louis Napoleon—Bonaparte was a State prisoner in Ham he was treated with very great kindness and consideration. Amongst others who saw him for different purposes was Virginia, a very pretty girl, daughter of an old sabot maker in Ham. After a while Louis made proposals, they were accepted, and two children were the result. These children he was very much attached to. They were provided for, and sent to first rate schools. On his advent to power, in 1848, the Prince gave Virginia a pension, and then, in December, 1851, he gave her the beautiful residence above alluded to.

With a natural taste for debauchery, resembling in character the debauchery of the Regent and Louis XV., one of the delights of Louis Napoleon, is an orgy, with plenty of wine and women. In fact, his happiness is a social supper, such as when the Regent and Dubois lived. To indulge in these at St. Cloud and the Elisee would be dangerous and there is a certain amount of public opinion still alive; but there has been the cozy little house at Madria, and that has been selected by him as the seat of his midnight conferences on the affairs of the Empire. Surrounded by parasites, pimps and prostitutes, heated by wine, he tries to rouse himself in this way to emulate his uncle.

Not a dozen persons in Paris, apart from his own clique, know a word of all this. But I have told it. Was I present? did I not resolve the

report from one who was present? was the orgy revealed to a second party, and then to me? are questions I cannot answer.

I give the information as true, exact and historical. It may be denied. That will only prove its truth, as, for a Bonapartist to say a thing to be, is to prove that it is not.

A Few Words to very Young People who think of Getting Married.

[The old rascal who concocted the following, deserves to be shut up with a whole regiment of crying babies, for three consecutive nights. See what he says, ladies and say if he don't deserve it.]

"Whom the gods love die young," sang the Roman poet; meaning that their virtue insured them an early immortality. We wish he had told us with what particular feeling the gods regard those who marry young—we mean that peculiar class of green horns who no sooner enter on their teens, but inexorable fate impels them to self-immolation on the altar of Hymen.

To us there is something especially painful in witnessing an unsuspecting girl of fifteen recklessly sporting on the immediate brink of wedlock, sacrificing herself to an evanescent sentiment, and offering to the world the anomalous spectacle of a child-mother! Her mind has been prepared for the event at her boarding school. She has a thorough conviction that the chief end of woman's life is to get married; and while she should still be wearing short petticoats, she falls bitterly in love with some simpering fellow who "reciprocates her affection," and selfishly robs her of those years which should be the brightest and most joyous of her existence.

In a few weeks Charles discovers that it is a most unreasonable thing that he should be expected to give up the young bachelor pleasures to which he has been accustomed, and that it is a bore to be always accompanied by a wife to a place of amusement. Julia begins to suspect that she is neglected; and then commences a series of "snaps," which every one of our married readers will of course know how to appreciate. Julia confides her sorrows to her mother, who generally will be silly enough to interfere, and fan pettishness into decided ill temper, to subside only when both parties are wearied of hostilities and each other, or when the habit of constant intercourse has soothed the asperities of hymenial bondage, and a kind of resignation takes the place of love.

Suppose they are poor, and that Charles without means, has to support his wife. We have seen some lamentable cases of this kind, and have remarked that these precious couples are generally people of very weak constitutions, with an equal tendency to acrobatic and susceptibility. To what a merry life has their weakness condemned them! A delicate girl of seventeen, who has ruined her health and prevented the natural development of her bodily powers by yielding to a sentimental whim, immures herself in the small bed-room of a city boarding-house, passing her best days in nursing a sickly little something, that looks very much like a skinned rabbit in the first stage of a human metempsychosis, but which, if it survives, will be pained upon the world as a free and independent citizen. All day long she devotes herself to soothing the pining soul "with the immortality," when she ought to be free as air for the next five years, laying the foundation of a healthy life, and gaining her natural growth by proper exercise, careless and untrammelled. The husband—a sad looking, pale little gentleman invariably—returns from his employer's store at evening, wearied with the fatigues of the day, and of course, afflicted with chronic head-ache which preys upon such subjects. He tries to forget his cares and his forlorn conjugal joys in repose; but alas! he has been instrumental in bringing into a world where woe and whiskey predominate, the aforesaid little animal, who "murders sleep" as effectually as Macbeth did. All night that tiny cherub prolongs its chidings in the unknown regions from which it hails; for

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar."

Nor is there any escape for the poor fellow. If a merciful dose of Godfrey's cordial should remove his trouble, another of the same pattern will assuredly take its place. If the young wife should fall a victim to a superabundance of conjugal blessings, and be removed to that blessed world where "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," the infatuated young husband will have learned no wisdom from experience. Cupid will surely make him an easy prey, and another of his arrows will bring down another female victim.

"Insatiable archer, could not one suffice?"

The youth has early initiated himself into the ways of marriage, and married he must be henceforth, though he entail poverty and wretchedness on himself, his wife, and his offspring.

Love is, of course, divine, ecstatic, and all that kind of thing; but at fifteen love is a humbug, and to give way to it is like eating sour gooseberries, sure to produce unpleasant results in the end. If any of our young readers happen to be troubled with a weakness of mind, we earnestly implore them to guard against the approaches of a callow affection. It may in general be cured by a little firmness, but if that is lacking, we heard it that a course of cold bathing assisted by strong doses of Brandeth's pills, will prove effectual.

Social Condition of Australia.

The Melbourne Argus of September 7th supplies the following picture of social life in Australia. The sketch is at once an illustration of the workings of British colonial rule, and a commentary on the spirit which leads the British press to gloat over outrages perpetrated on the United States frontier, while silent as to the disorganized condition of an outlying portion of its own empire;

"Apart from the natural effects of a rich gold country in drawing together a population of at least a very adventurous character, our near neighborhood to the island in which Great Britain so recklessly persists in pouring the criminals from her crowded jails has very seriously affected the composition of our community. From this source many thousands of the greatest wretches alive have reached our shores and the tone thereby imparted to our society is one which every good citizen must painfully de-

plere. Added to this, a negligent, feeble, and incompetent government has, by its laxity, its parsimony, and its absolute imbecility, so complicated and fomented the evils around us, that the social constitution of the colony is in the most wretched condition. Crimes of the most fearful character and degree abound on all sides; the roads swarm with bush-rangers; the streets with burglars and desperadoes of every kind.—In broad daylight, and in our most public streets men have been knocked down, ill-used, and robbed; and shops have been invaded by armed ruffians, who have 'stuck up' the inmates and rifled the premises, even situated in crowded thoroughfares. At night men dare not walk the streets, and thieves appear to be so thick upon the ground, and to be so unceasing in their operation, that we feel certain they must often rob each other. Murders of the most frightful character have become so numerous that they scarcely excite attention for a day; and such is the inefficiency of our police system that scarcely since the foundation of the colony has any one perpetrator of promediated murder been brought to justice. The police are cowed, or leagued with the actors in the outrages; witnesses and prosecutors are bribed or intimidated from appearing; the administration of the law is fast sinking into contempt; case after case is so confused with perjury and cross swearing that the facts are entirely hidden; jurors are so scared with the condition of things around, that they are only too eager to return unfavorable verdicts, but this disposition is so complicated by the gross incapacity of one at least of the principal law officers of the crown, that the results are most disastrous. It is a shocking thing to say it, but we really believe that in many of the cases adjudicated upon in our criminal courts, what with perjury, the absence of witnesses, the blunders of those who conduct the prosecutions, no more substantial justice is administered than would be the fact if cases were left to the chance decision of a 'toss up.'

We have all the evils of Lynch law without its vigor and its promptitude, and a very considerable portion of the community make no ceremony of advocating the introduction of that barbarous and sanguinary practice."—Washington Republic.

A Victim of Love.

"Simon Girty, what brought you here?" said the Mayor to an inebriated individual, this morning, as he closed his trials.

"A watchman, please your honor," replied Simon.

"What did he bring you for?"

"Ah, sir, that is more than I know. Since I have become a victim of '—"

"Intemperance."

"No, sir, not of intemperance, although I often drown my sorrows in the bacchanalian cup—but of love—of love, sir—since I have little in regard to what becomes of me."

"Are you in love, Simon?"

"Oh, please, sir, don't pierce my heart with such an inquiry! I am a victim—a heart-broken victim, to that strongest of all passions which racks the human heart."

"Can you not tell us your tale of sorrow, Simon," kindly asked the Marshal, "we may have it in our power to relieve you. Here (pointing to the reporters) are a number of gentlemen of the press, and if you only excite their sympathies, they might do something for you."

"You that have heard to shed, prepare to shed tears now," responded Simon as he leaned against the table, as if he intended to tell a long as well as sorrowful tale. "You see, gentlemen," he proceeded, "that I am a poor man. The fire of energy no longer lights my man. The rosy hue of health blooms not upon my cheeks and my hair is assuming the color of old age. Gentlemen, I am a victim of love, and would be much obliged to one of you for a chew of tobacco."

He was supplied with the weed.

"Two years ago, I first met Mary Mayfield, and oh! heavens, how it makes my heart tremble to mention that name. She was matchless in beauty, a queen in action, and was mostly lovely to look upon. Ah! gentlemen, need I tell you that she stole my heart! That my whole soul was wrapped in her enduring charms, and that I forgot all things, save nothing, felt nothing, save sweet Mary Mayfield!—Lordy, how my heart heaves! Driven by desperation, I threw myself at her feet, begged her to take me as her slave. Tears were in my eyes and bowed before her queenly person, I felt utterly powerless. Imagine, gentlemen, my confusion, my horror, my torment, when she gave me a slight push with her delicate foot, and said to me: 'Go long, you dirty scound, you ain't got money enough for this child.'"

Simon here covered his face with his hands as if to hide his agony. Recovering in a few moments, he proceeded.

"I instantly resolved to drown myself, and proceeded at once to put my resolution into operation. Having from my childhood days a dread of the external application of water, I resorted to the slower and more agonizing mode of drowning myself by the internal administration of liquor more congenial to my sense of feeling. I have drank, drank and drank, but as yet have not succeeded. I am now out of means, and if any of you gentlemen could furnish me with the dimes to purchase a few more drinks, I think I will be able to accomplish my purpose. 'I ain't you'd lend a feller a pizymune!'"

The Mayor thought that water would be more serviceable to Simon than whisky, and therefore sent him to the lockery, to be fed on bread and water only, for twenty days. Simon did not complain, as he thought probably a change in his drink might kill him, and thus end his tortures. Poor Simon! He is a victim of love—of whisky